

DAILY UNION VEDETTE.

A champion brave, alert and strong... To aid the right, oppose the wrong.

Vol. 1.]

Camp Douglas, U. T., Monday Morning, February 1, 1864.

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CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH TERRITORY,

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California & Nevada Territory Volunteers

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The Miser's Bequest.

The hour hand of Philip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red-hot bar of the little grate in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day-dream.

"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if! Then good-by to all those musty old law books; good-by to the mended boots and thrice turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage! Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings and high stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emerald, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat! Wouldn't I—what nonsense. I'm talking though!" he cried, suddenly rousing himself. "Phil Acre, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are, neither rich, nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moonstruck aspirations as Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come! If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo! come in there, whoever you are."

It was only the serving-maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

"Please, sir, the postman just left it—two cents to pay."

"Here are your two coppers, then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now, then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my

unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic?"

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured to himself as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake and in my right mind; it is not delusion, no part of my waking vision! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I haven't seed since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money. Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relation; but, then, I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak! Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the loved, far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet of gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now!

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smile, made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law! Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial!

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were lighted in Dr. Wyllis's drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotropes, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet gray eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls of that kind old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunt; he says it is the sweetest spot that a poet's fancy could devise, with fountains and shrubberies, and green delicious copses! Oh! shall we not be happy there?"

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush, for, even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip! for what reason?"

"To enable me by diligently labor at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a

manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought—"

"You thought me heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course, shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But Philip, the will has made it legally yours."

"Legally it is; Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense, I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done right, Philip," replied Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more than ever. But who is she? what is her name?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then darling—"

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence; "Then I will begin the battle of life over again!"

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial!

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief: "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Phil. Acre's being worthy of you before—"

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly dropping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law practicing—why there's time enough for that afterwards. Child don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and traveling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a week's duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Halle; which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the short road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil!" said Edith, with bright sparkling eyes. Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose."

"Wait until you see, sir!" said Mrs. Acre, pushing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Philip "waited" dutifully.

"Where are we?" he asked in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. "Surely, this is Mortimer Place."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was," said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come Edith! Well, how do you like the look of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre. And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound."

Philip Acre's cheeks flushed and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light.

QUICK FORGETFULNESS.—A boy aged ten years was sent to school for the first time. The teacher, to test his information, asked him, "who made you?" The boy could not answer. The teacher told him the proper answer, and desired the boy to remember it. Some hours afterwards, the teacher repeated the question. The boy rubbed his head in great agony, and at length answered, "I swow! I've forgot the gentleman's name."

VAT YOU TINKS.—"Hans," said a Dutchman to his urchin son, whom he had just been thrashing for swearing at his mother. "vat's dat you're tink-ing so wicked 'bout out in de corner dere?"

"I ain't tink noth'n, foder."

"You lie, you leetle vagabone, you, you tinks py d—n, and I'll whip you for dat."

Gen. F. P. Blair on Christmas was presented with a massive silver service of seven pieces, costing about \$1,000. The presentation was from the loyal merchants of St. Louis.

The muscle mania is said to prevail worse than ever in New York, since the King-Heenan fight. Already a bruiser offers to fight King for \$5,000.

Mayor Harris of Cincinnati, on New Year's was presented with a purse of \$7,500. That was one of the New Year's presentations one might like to suffer.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that the U. S. Stocks are not subject to taxation, thus sustaining the Constitutionality of the law exempting them.

DAILY UNION VEDETTE.

Monday Morning, February 1, 1864.

The Anniversary Ball.

The imposing and solemn ceremonies of dedicating the Camp Douglas Cemetery and consecrating the noble Monument to the heroes of the Battle of Bear River, a full account of which appeared in our last issue, were followed by the grand Ball given by the officers on Friday evening. Camp Douglas has never before witnessed so brilliant and joyous a scene. The Theater Building, in which the gay dancers tripped gaily to harmonious strains till the stars went out and golden light streaked the East, was fitted up in handsome and gorgeous style. The ceiling was adorned with four large garrison flags the blue "Union" of which formed the center where was suspended a handsome chandelier, improvised for the occasion, while the glorious stripes of mingled red and white streamed toward either end of the Hall and fell in graceful folds adown the sides. Heidlinger's magnificent Quadrille Band discoursed its sweetest and its gayest notes from the First Circle, and beneath them the folds of two storm flags decorated the Orchestra. The handsome drop curtain formed the back ground covering the stage, but beneath its roll a mountain bowitzer bedecked with flags was seen, with the sabres, carbines, and musketry of each corps appropriately and neatly disposed around. During the evening an agreeable surprise awaited the happy throng. Between the dances, the curtain was uprolled, the bowitzer drawn back a little, and it was announced that Mrs. S. M. Irwin (of historic fame) had kindly consented to read a Poem composed expressly for the occasion and recanting in glowing verse the deeds of heroes at Bear River. The lady, superbly yet chastely attired, appeared on the Stage, escorted by a couple of officers, and as the folds of the two bright flags beneath which she stood drooped around her, read in her impressive manner, with clear melodious voice and impassioned tone the "Anniversary Lay" which appears in another column. When it is stated that the Author, Mr. E. P. Hingston, temporarily sojourning with us, had the briefest possible notice of the occasion which inspired his ready and genial pen to so noble a flight, the production reflects the highest credit on his poetic abilities and his kindness in responding to the call made on him. The beauties of the "Lay" were most truthfully rendered and set off by the happy delivery of the lady who generously consented, almost without notice, to read the production. We have rarely, if ever, heard a reading more affectingly and beautifully made than was Mrs. Irwin's rendering of the poem, and many a stout heart was moved to tears, as the sufferings and heroism of our brave troops one year ago, were rehearsed by the fair reader. Amid that gay scene, where a moment before stood the light hearted soldier in joyous dalliance, with fair maiden, and as the notes of gay music died softly away on the evening air, each voice was hushed, every foot fall ceased, and attentive and sympathizing hearers listened to the recital of "Bear River." The scene itself was worthy the pencil of the artist, and was the silent homage of brave hearts to the memory of the gallant dead. It will not soon be forgot, and we are but expressing universal feeling when we return sincere thanks to Mrs. Irwin and the Author Mr. Hingston.

At midnight the assembly retired to an adjoining building and partook of a magnificent supper, and the ample board—no "greening"—yielded up its most substantial and sweetest store of good things to the happy circle around three large tables. Again, "The dance went gaily on"

and when we left, youthful hearts were beating high and light feet tripping merrily through the mazy dance.

Camp Douglas and its guests will long remember the "Anniversary Ball," and as fond remembrance drops a passing tear to the heroic dead of Bear River's battle-field, a smile of joy will wreath the each beaming face and mingle with the holy drops in memory of the bright scene of Anniversary night.

On the whole Camp Douglas may congratulate itself on the success of the entertainment at which all—hosts and guests—could not have been but pleased.

We were pleased to notice among the guests so many of the citizens of Great Salt Lake City, present at the Ball, and who partook of the warm hospitalities of Camp Douglas and enjoyed the entertainment. Among them we may permitted to mention, His Excellency, Gov. Reed, Howard Livingston, M. Jennings and lady, Richard Keyes, the Messrs. Walker Bros., Mr. Ransohoff, G. W. Carlele, Wm. H. Whitehill, Mr. Purple, of Aurora, H. O. Pratt and wife, Mr. Ellsworth, M. King and lady, Frank Gilbert and lady, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Irwin, and others.

Gen. Connor and Staff, Col. Block, 3d Inf., and Lieut.-Col. Jones, 2d Cav. and their respective Staffs graced the occasion.

Maj. Bull, Paymaster, Maj. P. A. Gallagher, 3d Inf., Commandant of Fort Brigr, Capt. David Black, Commandant Camp Connor, temporarily at this Post, and Lieut. Wildrick, 3d Artillery, Assistant Commissar of Musters, were among the honored and delighted guests.

THEATRICAL.—There was a heavy fall of snow on Saturday night—but the City Theater was jammed from pit to dome. Mr. Bernard Snow, of Springfield in this Territory, in amateur of considerable some celebrity, made his debut for the Season, as Damon, Mr. Irwin having consented to play Pythias. Mr. S. is a fair actor, and as a "Valley Tan" production deserves credit, but it was manifest that he did himself injustice in walking the stage along side of such an actor as Mr. Irwin, and in apparent competition. We have never seen Irwin appear to so great an advantage, and he made the most of the part of Pythias, who, in consequence of the cast of the parts became the hero of the night, instead of Damon, as the author intended. Mr. Snow has a very good stage voice, though in the last act he strained it, or rather lost his breath in the violence of his action. If he had in reality just dismounted from his foaming steed, after his life-race over the plain (as Damon is supposed to have done) he could not have been more out of breath. In this respect his acting was true to life, though it somewhat interfered with his reading. He has much to learn—especially as to the disposition of his hands and arms, wherein he lacks grace and finish, which can only be attained by study, observation and care. His *entrées* and stage *walk* were fair, but his exits generally far from good.

Mrs. Irwin's Calanthe was as good as the part will admit, and was played with grace and ease. The fainting at the scaffold in the last scene was the best piece of acting during the night.

Mr. Irwin as Pythias had a great advantage over Damon, from the fact that his scenes were generally supported by Mrs. Irwin, while in the affecting parts Damon could not of course receive so good a support. The piece was put on the stage in splendid style, with, (to us) new scenery, most artistically painted and judiciously arranged.

The laughable petit comedy of the Married Rake concluded the entertainment, in which Mr. and Mrs. Irwin were in their happiest vein and brought down the house.

On Wednesday Love's Sacrifice will be performed, when Mrs. Irwin will appear in the difficult and splendid role of Margaret—Mr. Irwin as Eugene De Lorme, and Mr. Snow as Matthew Elmore. It is a fine bill and will attract a good house. We should like to see Irwin play Iago to the Othello of either Mr. Snow or Mr. McKenzie. We don't think Mrs. Irwin would be "smothered" in such a cast, even though Desdemona would be by the dusky Moor.

ARRIVED.—A train of thirteen wagons, under charge of E. Shurtleff, arrived in the city Saturday morning, in forty-seven days from San Pedro, Cal., with merchandise to Messrs. W. S. Goble, Cronyn & Clayton, Kimball & Lawrence, and Boisenburg & Kahn.

A year ago gold was quoted at \$1 70 in New York and \$2 50 in Richmond. Now it sells at \$1 51 in the former and \$2 20 in the latter!

The following fine poetical production was read in the Camp Douglas Theater by Mrs. S. M. Irwin on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Battle of Bear River, referred to in our editorial column:

BEAR RIVER, JANUARY 29th, 1863.

An Anniversary Lay.

BY E. P. HINGSTON.

Sing the story—glorious story! how, twelve circling moons ago,
Through the wintry, dreary desert—midst the crystal, crackling snow,
Marching through the stormy ice-drift, by the cold light of the stars;
Marching on to martial honors—soldier's grave and soldier's scars,
Went the warriors of the Union to the savage Indian fight—
Went, where duty led their footsteps, armed with valor and with right!

Let the story be historic—paint the pictures of the past
With their struggles, strife and terrors—with their horrors overcast;
Backward, Fancy, turn thy dreamings—backward to the days long gone,
To the days of early Utah—to the desert bleak and lone.

Hark! amid the primal silence ringeth out the teamster's song,
As the laden wains, bound westward, move with heavy pace along!

"Oxen, pull! nor heed the mountain,
Rough the road and strong the stream,
Pull! at eve, beside the fountain
We will rest the weary team.
Where with order chaos dallies,
In the New World's early strife,
We will make the desert valleys
Ring with labor's song of life.

Light the camp-fire, fetch the water,
Here's the rear-guard of our train;
Wife and son and gentle daughter,
Here we camp upon the plain.
Homes we'll build by pleasant rivers,
Herds we'll tend and flocks we'll graze,
We will be the daring givers
Of new States to future days!"

Such the song of emigration—such the song of happiness
Where the pioneer of cities camps upon the wilderness.

Hush! what means that stealthy footfall?
Whose the dusky face we mark?
Whose the fiercely flashing eyeball
Glaring through the sombre dark?
'Tis the Indian! Comrades, gather!
Rifles ready! Foes at hand!
Brother, friend and feeble father
Now for life, must make a stand.

Whoops, and howls and savage glances
Burst upon the midnight air;
Brandish'd knives and gleaming lances,
War-paint masking bodies bare;
Carnage, reeking scalps and moaning,
Fiendish yells of madd'ning glee—
Father, son and daughter groaning
In Death's torturous agony.

Such the scene, and oft repeated—many a year has come and past,
Still the shrieking, still the moaning mingles with the evening blast.

God of vengeance! God of battles!
Shall man's civilizing march
Cease upon these plains? oh never!
No! From ocean unto ocean
Peace shall rear her rainbow arch;
Rear it o'er the land for ever!

Flag of Freedom!—Star-gemmed Banner!
Shall thy bearers long delay
Vindicating here thy right?
No! for Californian heroes
Onward hasten to the fray—
Onward hasten to the fight!

Comes the message to the Colonel: "Indian warriors dare your guns,
Camp'd for murder and for battle where Bear River's channel runs."

Just one year ago that message. It was January then,
Frost and snow and storm and tempest sentinell'd the Indian den.

California's sons are ready, and their Colonel brave, commands:
"Soldiers, march! Your foe awaits you;
meet him, boys, with steady hands."

O'er the icy-plains, quick-pacing, four long nights and days they go;
Frozen, footsore, yet undaunted, onward o'er the path of snow.

Some of frozen limbs shall perish; they shall dare no Indian fire,
Doomed to fall while forward pressing—fall they may but never tire.

Onward to the willow-thicket—onward to the drear ravine!
Day-break wakes the sound of battle; day-light, and the foe is seen.

On, brave foot and gallant horsemen! See, the fiends, before your face
Wave the scalps of murdered women, sisters of our land and race;

Steady, rifles! pistols, ready! bullet sure and sabre bare!

Pierce the skulker's deadly ambush; willow search and ravine dare.
Huzza! Now we have outflanked them!
Quarter give nor mercy show;
Mercy would be heartless mockery with your dark relentless foe.

Ten o'clock; the fight is over! Four long hours of blood and death;
Four long hours of savage conflict—arms set lips and bated breath.

Where shall now the great "Bear Hunter" where shall "Lehigh" now be found?
There! with nearly thrice an hundred, dead upon the battle-ground.
There, the foe who knew no pity—who ne'er checked his wrath to save,
Shall have snow flakes for his cements, and the ice-drift for his grave!

Sing the story—sing in sadness for the dead we lost that day;
Weep for every soldier-hero, victim in the bloody fray.

To the dead, our grateful homage; to the living, victor's bays!
To the dead, immortal honors; to the living, lasting praise!

And, throughout the coming ages, soldiers tell and poets write,
Of the great deeds done in Utah, at the dread Bear River fight!

THE SOLDIERS' ANNIVERSARY BALL.

On Friday night the enlisted men of Camp Douglas, not to be out-done by the officers in duly celebrating the first Anniversary of the Battle of Bear River, gave a Ball and fine entertainment at Goddard's Hall, Great Salt Lake City. In consequence of the limited capacity of the Hall, not as many participated in the festivities as would probably otherwise have been the case, and we understand they propose giving another to-night at the same place. As it was, the Hall was well filled and we have no doubt that pure frolic and dancing ruled the night, until the "wee sma' hours." There was some misunderstanding, about the renting of the Theater building in Camp, the enlisted men intending to hold their ball there, but it was all satisfactorily arranged, we believe, and while the Officers and their guests were tripping the "light fantastic" at Camp, the Soldiers were having a gay time in the city.

THEATER!!

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY!!

PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS.

GREAT COMBINATION OF TALENT.

The Popular Artists, MR. and MRS. S. M. IRWIN, and MR. B. SNOW, are engaged.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 3rd, 1864.

Will be presented the Beautiful play in 5 Acts,

LOVE'S SACRIFICE or The Rival Merchants.

MARGARET ELMORE MRS. S. M. IRWIN
MATTHEW ELMORE MR. B. SNOW
EUGENE DE LORME MR. S. M. IRWIN

Other characters by MESSRS. CLAWSON, MCKENZIE, WHITNEY and MESSADAMES WOODMANSEE, CLAWSON and ROMNEY.

To Conclude with the laughable Farce,

The Trials of Tompkins.

Characters by MESSRS. CLAWSON, MARGARET, SIKKINS, Mrs. CLAWSON and Miss ALEXANDER.

Doors open at quarter past six; Curtain rises at seven o'clock. Box Office open every day for sale of tickets.

Bannack Restaurant and Eating House.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and the traveling public are respectfully informed that the

Bannack Restaurant and Eating House,

situated on Main street, opposite the Salt Lake House, is now open, and the proprietor is prepared to furnish Board and Lodging on reasonable terms.

JAN 5-11 JOS. D. BAYLES.

WANTED.

HAY and Wood, at Camp Douglas, by WALKER BROS JAN 5-dwtf

NOTICE.

Mining Certificates, Stock etc.—Having received Patents, Cuts, Bank note paper and other material from California, we are now prepared to execute in the finest style, certificates of stock for Mining Companies incorporated either in this Territory, California, or Nevada.

ALL THE NECESSARY PRINTING for Mining Companies executed with neatness, and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

MANURE FOR SALE.

SEVERAL hundred loads of Manure for sale, at twenty-five cents per load, at Camp Douglas, U. T. Apply to the Post Treasurer. JAN 5/11

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO DAILY VEDETTE.]

From Tennessee.

Cincinnati, Jan. 28th.

A Chattanooga dispatch says: Several unimportant cavalry raids have been made recently to cover the rebel movements.

The *Gazette's* Nashville dispatch says: Persons who left Knoxville on Saturday, report skirmishing between Longstreet's cavalry and ours. No doubt is felt but Knoxville can be held.

Governor Johnson has issued a Proclamation for the election of county officers in the counties under Union power. No disloyal persons will be permitted to vote. A Very rigid oath will be prescribed.

It is reported that John Morgan with seven regiments of cavalry, will make a raid into Kentucky through gaps in the Eastern part of the State.

General News.

New York, Jan. 28th.

Orleans papers of the 8th say that a Young Men's Union Association has been organized at Orleans.

Banks has agreed to modify his proclamation so as to have an election for Delegates to a Convention to form a State Constitution, to take place at the time that State officers are elected on the 22d of February. The *Champion*, from Aspinwall, has arrived. The *Herald's* Key West correspondent says: The State Government Convention will meet at St. Augustine, March first.

Special to the *Post* from Washington: Twenty members of the House desire to speak on the Confiscation bill. It is intended, if possible, to get a vote on it Monday.

Several persons are already deeply involved in the Custom House affair. The investigation continues. Probably the Committee will adjourn to New York.

Arrival of Refugees.

Baltimore, Jan. 28th.

Seven refugees, arrived from Virginia, declare they could not stay longer, partly in consequence of the scarcity of provisions, and partly for fear of conscription.

Rebels Defeated.

Washington, 28th.

The following is received at headquarters:

To HALLECK:

Col. Barne, with a force of four hundred and fifty mounted infantry, and the 4th Michigan cavalry, attacked a camp of Home Guards, under the rebel Culbertson, and routed them, destroying the camp; captured a considerable number of arms and other property, and returned without loss. Johnson's brigade, of Roddy's command, crossed the Tennessee at Bainbridge, intending to make a junction with a brigade of infantry, who expected to cross the river at Brown's Ferry; thence proceed to Alton and capture our forces. There we engaged them, killing fifty and wounding quite a number, and taking some prisoners; among them, three commissioned officers. Our loss was ten wounded.

Congressional.

Washington, Jan. 28.

SENATE.—Connors reported back the Homestead bill with amendments.

HOUSE.—To-day further postponed the consideration of the enrollment bill until Monday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28th.

The resolution for the expulsion of Senator Davis, was withdrawn yesterday.

HOUSE.—Military Committee yesterday decided to recommend the postponement, until after the close of the war, of all propositions to indemnify the inhabitants of rebel States for losses sustained by the occupation of the country by the Union armies.

New York, Jan. 28th.

The old sloop of war, *Falmouth*, recently sold at Aspinwall, sailed thence on the 8th, flying the English flag.

The Overland Mail was resumed this afternoon after a fortnight's suspension occasioned by storms on the plains.

A special to the *Commercial*, says: From official data in the War Department it is ascertained that the whole number of troops enlisted for actual It is understood that the House Committee on Commerce will in a few days report in favor of the abrogation of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty.

Foreign News.

Sandy Hook, Jan. 28th.

By the City of New York, from Liverpool the 13th, and Queenstown the 14th: Attorney General Given, gave notice of an appeal in the Alexandria case. It is reported that certain persons of Liverpool will shortly be brought before a magistrate charged with enlisting British subjects for the rebel service.

The *Times* says: It is almost certain that war will be averted between India and Japan.

A public execution in London has produced a strong anti-hanging demonstration and loud indignation against the Home Secretary, who recently remitted the sentence against a respectably connected murderer, but refused in the case of a laboring man.

The French corps Legislatif, is still debating the address.

It is reported that very numerous arrests of Italians have been made in Paris; some say fifty, others, one hundred, as connected with the recent conspiracy or engaged in recruiting for the expedition which it is said Garibaldi is contemplating. The Holstein question is unchanged.

The *Times* says: Some encouraging indications in Russell's letter of Dec. 31st, to the Federal Diet, are published. He demands, in the interests of peace, a Conference of the Powers who signed the London Treaty with the German Representative States to be maintained. In the meantime France has addressed a circular to the minor German States explaining her position relative to the Conference. The Danish Ministry proposed to Austria a renewal of the negotiations from the point when broken, in '52. Austria declined.

Consuls closed on Thursday at ninety and three-quarters and seven-eighths, Bullion in the Bank of England has decreased nearly half a million pounds sterling. The Bank of France has lost, during the month, forty-four million pounds in specie.

The Great Eastern has been bought at auction for a hundred and thirty thousand pounds.

New York, Jan. 29th.

Additional by the City of New York: The *Times* says: On the Danish side the last resolve has been taken and should any German regiment advance beyond the Northern boundary of the Federal territory Denmark is resolved to enter upon a war with all her energy. It is quite time that the two great German powers had declared their future course with equal precision.

Paris, Jan. 14th.

Maximilian is expected here early in February.

In the course of a debate on the Address, M. Thiers attacked the abuses of the Administration and declared his opinion that Universal Suffrage will prove the safe guard of the country.

New York, Jan. 29th.

The following is a summary of the Kedar's news, which left Liverpool on the 13th: The American steamer, *Scotland*, was seized by the Customs authorities of Canton, for taking aboard guns and other articles contraband of war.

In the Court of Exchequer on the 11th, judgment was given refusing a new trial in the Alexandria case. The ship would be released.

Fighting Near Knoxville.

Chicago, Jan. 29th.

A Knoxville letter of the 20th, says: On the Friday previous, Gen. Sturges advanced in the direction of Danbridge, 40 miles from Knoxville; on Saturday, drove in the enemy's pickets, but leaving the enemy in force; fell back on Sunday. A large body of rebels made a desperate attack on our lines but were driven back by a gallant cavalry charge. Our loss, one hundred and fifty; the enemy's loss is supposed to be greater. Sunday night, our forces, anticipating a flank movement, fell back to Strawberry plains, sixteen miles from Knoxville. The enemy's cavalry moved down the Danbridge road, crossed a branch of Brood river, seemingly for the purpose of a flank movement on Knoxville. Sturges fell back to Knoxville on the 19th, and the same evening crossed Holstein, with a view of interrupting the enemy at Sevierville, where a battle is believed to be impending. Several prisoners, taken Sunday, were fresh from Richmond.

Letter to a Conscript.

The following amusing letter to a gentleman of wealth who was drafted, was written by a 'veteran' who was in Washington at the time. The letter was addressed as follows: 'To Ransford P. C., Private in the United States Army, Fayetteville, Onondaga county, New York.'

WILLARD'S HOTEL WASHINGTON, }
August 20, 1863. }

'Lovely Conscript: Permit me to congratulate you on the lucky circumstance which gives you the salary of thirteen dollars per month and three dollars fifty for clothing; a chance to study geography in a manner at once sound and certain; a chance to go up the ladder of Fame and become immortal; a chance to eat mule meat and hard tack, and to drink commissary whisky worth thirty-seven and a half cents per gallon. I also congratulate my country. I know you can do these things and more. There may be some things, lovely conscript, regarding the

'mighty pomp and circumstance of war' on which you would desire a friendly posting. A few of these I am happy to notice, and would ask your distinguished consideration to all my remarks. In the first place, sleep. Repose is a great study—the ancients reduced this to a great science, and the example of Socrates one showing how a good thing may be carried too far.

His last sleep was too much for him. I am certain you can excel the famous philosopher, for I know you can stand any amount of repose. Do not sleep in a hemlock swamp, or on picket, or on a late supper. I would advise preparation for sleep. Tie up your clothes and hide them secure in the shelter of a tent, or the freedom of some well regulated straw stack, and after uttering your 'now I lay me,' incline yourself with a gentle slope calculated to induce water to seek your feet.

"2d. Eat.—This exercise is designed to improve your muscle, and to the universal request from the great Commissary of Subsistence, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' you may add such samples of refreshment as may occur to you, and steal a chicken or a pig.

This should enjoy the warm attention of a fire composed of equal proportions of garden fence and old doors.

"3d. Money. Get it! First from the Pay-master, never letting any vile sutler have a chance at your hard earnings. 2d. By method of speculation. After pay-day amuse yourself with a "quiet game of draw," and should you hold four kings and an ace, invest your "pile," and see how your energy will be rewarded. P. S. —Don't hold four aces too often. Having your sleep and food, and money, you may compare yourself favorably to the Hotel Flunkey Boy, and all you may now desire will be some assistance in marching; on a long straggle, ask advice of the Surgeon or his assistant, get in or behind an ambulance; borrow a stray horse, and confiscate him for your own comfort; cut off the tails of your coat and say you are mounted cavalry; creep under a hedge, and remember your sleep—you might sing a few lines:

"There's rest for the weary."

"Now, my brave hero, I congratulate you, I shake your hands and say famous things for you. I see you through the thick smoke of battle and meercaum pipes. And when that mild, fair evening of peace shall come, we shall "sit under the shade of our own vine and fig tree," or "John Hodges' stoop," and swap lies about this cruel war—our stories will be chaste—of men who chased and whom we chased. You shall then be a Congressman. I will be a contractor. Under that partnership our country will be nowhere. I hear the roll of the drum, and I hear the orderly as he calls your name. I hear the sobs that follow your departure, and the thanksgiving that heralds your return. Who would not be a conscript?—Don't all speak at once. Poetry, prudence, and principle might urge that I request you to remember the girl you leave behind you. Return to her and to us, covered, not with fleas, but with glory. Be prudent, be active, be gallus. Forget not our flag, and remember my kind interest."

"Yours, powder, percussion, and patriotism.

300 DOLLAR VETERAN."

DENTISTRY.

DR. WM. H. GROVES, late of San Francisco, Cal. Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office, next door to the National Hotel, G. S. L. City. nov27tt

CAMP DOUGLAS

Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-Cutting SALOON.

JOHN TAUFER has the pleasure of announcing to the residents of Camp Douglas and vicinity that he has again opened his Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, and is now prepared to attend to the wants of all those who will favor him with a call. dec18-53m

A REBEL LOVE LETTER.—Stevenson, Ala., correspondent is responsible for the publication of the following tender epistle, dropped by one of the rebel prisoners captured at Chattanooga :

IN OUR KAMP ON BONE KRICK.

Mi deer Sely Speers : I talk mi pen in kan' tu let you no that our boys air all well. I hav' bin sick with the dyarceer, an' hope yew an' yore muther air enjoyin' the same blessin' Bili Shor'er got a letter from unkle Jas., an' he sed that yew was goin' git marid to that gude fur nothin', whisky drinkin' Sam barber. Now, Sely, I hoap that air aint also, fur you no an' I no that we hav' loved twogather wunst, an' yew toald me to jine the rebel kaws yew wood luv' no boddy els. That thar aint far; I've dun moar fur mi kuntry nor Sam barber an' ef yew bekum the wyfe of Sam He marrie Mase hawkins, an' then—that's wots the matter. rite tu me an' tel me if this is true. Our forces will be down yore way sune, an' I will kall an' sea yore muther, til then farwel, Aib Grimes rit this ere letter fur me ; he's a brick.

"Yores til the war is over,
ASA HENTHORN."

YANKEE NOSHUNS.—The noshun that skule houzens are cheaper than staits prizens.

The noshun that men are a better krop to raize than anything else.

The noshun that the world iz the markit for a man's wits.

The noshun that a people who have branes enuff kant be governed bi enybody, but themselves.

The noshun that if yu kant make a man think az you do, try and make him do az you think.

The noshun that the United States iz liable at eny time to be doubled, but aint liable at eny time to be divided.

The noshun that Uncle Sam kan thrash hiz own childreu when tha need it, and kan thrash the whole world besides when tha need it.

The noshun that the Yankees are a foreordained rase, and kant be kept from spreding and striking in, am more than turpentine when it wuns gets luce.

JONH BILLINGS.

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the Sanitary Fair in Boston are numerous relics of Washington—sash, saddle, epaulettes, cane, with numerous autographs and letters, bronze jar from Shanghai, two thousand years old ; sword of Miles Standish ; lock of the gun which killed King Philip, of Mount Hope, in 1676, and a wooden bowl taken from Philip's wigwam ; a Bible printed in Venice in 1478, before printing was introduced into England, and numerous rare and genuine autographs and letters. There are also exhibited the shoes worn by the royal family of England, and a pair of shoes purchased in Georgia by a young lady who arrived in Boston last Sunday. The shoes are coarser than any young lady would wear here, and are laced with white cord. Yet the lady paid forty dollars for them, and refused to sell them for fifty.

GEN. GRANT'S HEALTH.—An army officer direct from Chattanooga, informed the editor of the Indianapolis Journal that General Grant is still suffering from his fall at New Orleans, has grown thin and stooping, and shows marks of so great a loss of health and strength as to create fears of his recovery, though he still works as indefatigably as ever. When it was announced at Grant's head-quarters that Bragg had been removed, and Hardee put in command, of the rebel army, the General quietly remarked: "He is my choice"—an opinion that seems to be very generally entertained in both armies.

THE COLD TERM.—For the sake of putting them on record, we note below the range of the thermometer at a few points during the late term, covering Friday and Saturday, the 1st and 2d inst.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Friday A. M., 38 degrees below zero. Saturday A. M., 36 degrees below.

Rockford, 33 degrees below.

Kankakee, 26 below.

Madison, 30 to 34 below. One place mercury congealed.

St. Paul, Minnesota, 30 to 38 below. At Fort Snelling on high bluff, the thermometer marked 50 below zero. The same degree of cold had been reached but twice there since 1821.

Cairo, 14 below zero. River frozen perfectly solid.

Kankakee, Ill., 26 below zero.

Dubuque, 30 below on Friday morning. Saturday, average 16 below.

St. Louis range from 18 to 25. River bridged with ice. 10,000 hogs estimated to be frozen to death on the North Missouri Railroad.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 26 below zero Friday morning.

In the East the cold was not so excessive, yet every where excessive.—*Sandusky (O.) Register.*

INTERESTING TELEGRAPHIC EXPERIMENTS.—On Thursday evening, the atmosphere being unusually dry and clear, some interesting experiments were made upon the line of the American Telegraph Company, whose wires, by the steady progress of our arms, now reach from the borders of Maine to Chattanooga, Tenn., but a short distance from the upper limits of Georgia. The lines from Portland, Boston and New York were connected with Philadelphia, Louisville and Chattanooga, and the operators at both ends were in instant communication with each other, exchanging friendly greetings, congratulations upon recent Union triumphs, &c., &c. It was proposed to make a connection with Salt Lake, in distant Utah, which would have been accomplished, if the operators there had been fully posted as to the time assigned for the experiment.—*Boston Traveller, Dec. 19.*

VEDETTE SILVER AND COPPER MINING Company.

AT A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS HELD THIS day, an assessment of Ten Cents per foot was levied, and made payable to the Secretary and Treasurer, on or before the 1st day of February next.

Salt Lake City, Jan. 19th, 1864. HENRY J. PRATT, Sec. & Treas.

DENTISTRY.

THOMAS B. PEARCE, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, is now prepared to attend to the wants of those who favor him with a call. Teeth cleaned, fitted and extracted, or put in from one to a full set, and satisfaction given. Patrons respectfully solicited. Office at the north of the Post Office, Main street, Great Salt Lake City.

N. B.—Miss L. PEARCE, Plain and Fancy Seamstress, solicits the patronage of the public. She may be found in the above place.

COAL NOTICE.

G. W. CARLETON, Wm. GALBRAITH. NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned are now prepared to deliver at their mine on East Weber, a first rate quality of Stone Coal at the rate of Five (5) dollars per ton. We guarantee this Coal of a quality superior to any in the Territory. A large portion of our Coal is identical with the famous Cannon Coal. Orders may be left either at the mine or at the Telegraph Office, G. S. L. City.

Jan 18 6 w 2ndth CARLETON & GALBRAITH.

C. CLIVE, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Main St. opposite the Town Clock, G. S. L. C. CLOTHING of all kinds made and repaired in the highest style of art. Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Officers' Military Uniforms.

UNION HOUSE.

ON Main Street, G. S. L. City, one door north of the U. S. S. Subsistence Storehouse. Meals at all hours, and at the most reasonable rates.

OYSTER SUPPERS

served up on the shortest notice, and in first rate style.

T. R. MILLER & CO.

MANURE FOR SALE.

SEVERAL hundred loads of Manure for sale, at twenty-five cents per load, at Camp Douglas, U. T. Apply to the Post Treasurer.

WALKER BRO'S, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Now offer to the public a complete

WINTER STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Of every description, and are constantly receiving

NEW GOODS.

Three mule trains to arrive from California, with a fine and general assortment of

MERCHANDISE

FOR EARLY SPRING TRADE.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

CITIZENS OF UTAH,

Bring in Your Produce ! !

A. GILBERT,

(Next door to the Salt Lake House,) calls special attention to his large and well selected.

STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

Consisting of

COTTON, WOOLEN, AND MIXED FABRICS, CALICOES, SILKS, DRILLINGS, FLANNELS,

and other

STAPLES,

Selected Expressly for this Market;

Also offers on reasonable terms,

GROCERIES, COFFEE, CANDLES, SUGARS, SOAP, etc., etc., etc.,

HARDWARE, CUTTLERY, CROCKERY, etc., etc., etc.,

On Terms to Suit.

EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND TRY OUR PRICES.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain.

nov-27-dtf A. GILBERT

BODENBURG & KAHN. NEW MERCHANDISE.

Just received from the

EASTERN MARKET,

Consisting in part of the best

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PRINTS, BROWN SHEETINGS, LINSEYS, DENIMS, SATINETS, JEANS, CHECKS, FLANNELS, HICKORY TWEEDS,

And a full assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Fall and Winter

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Crockery;

And a large and General Stock of

Groceries, Dye Stuffs, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

Call and Examine our New Stock, at the old stand of

HOMER, ELDREDGE & Co., East Temple street.

dec-11-dtf BODENBURG & KAHN.

RANSOHOFF & BRO., MAIN STREET, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

Now offer to the Public one of the Best Assorted and Largest Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy and Staple Articles,

Ever Brought to this Territory.

Selected With Especial View to this Market!

AT RATES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

A Full Assortment of

MERCHANDISE,

Including

Fancy Articles, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Groceries, Hardware and Crockery.

In Fact Everything Desirable, Necessary and Useful from Needles up to Cooking Stoves; from Finest Linens and Silks to Calicoes, Collars and

WOOLEN GOODS.

Give us a Call, and see our Prices.

nov-27-dtf RANSOHOFF & BRO.

NOTICE.

Mining Certificates, Stock etc.—Having received Plates, Cuts, Bank note paper and other material from California, we are now prepared to execute in the finest style, certificates of stock for Mining Companies incorporated either in this Territory, California, or Nevada.

ALL THE NECESSARY PRINTING for Mining Companies executed with neatness, and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

DENTISTRY.

DR. WM. H. GROVES, late of San Francisco, Cal. Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office, next door to the National Hotel, G. S. L. City.

CAMP DOUGLAS Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-Cutting SALOON.

JOHN TAUFER has the pleasure of announcing to the residents of Camp Douglas and vicinity that he has again opened his Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, and is now prepared to attend to the wants of all those who will favor him with a call.

DAGUERREAN GALLERY.

D. BECKWITH, HAS THE PLEASURE to announce to the public, that he is now prepared to take

PICTURES OF ALL KINDS in the daguerrean art, at prices to suit.

Gallery opposite the Commissary Store, at Camp Douglas, U. T.

GOLD! GOLD!!

THE undersigned thanks his numerous friends for past patronage, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship, to merit a continuation of their favors.

Gold and Silver worked with every design of Jewels.

Two doors south of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse, Main Street, Great Salt Lake City.

WILLIAM MAUGER

HAS the pleasure of announcing to the public that he is prepared to perform all work entrusted to him with neatness and dispatch. Watches repaired and warranted to keep good time. All Jewelry repaired and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Guards, Ladies Watches, Breastpins, Finger Rings, Brooches, Gold Studs, Sleeve Buttons, etc. in fact everything to be found at a Jeweler's Store, for sale at shop at Camp Douglas, U. T.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING.

E. J. CASANO HAS THE PLEASURE to announce to the public that he has fitted up and opened a neat and

COMMODOUS SALOON

South of the Cavalry quarters at Camp Douglas, where he will attend to the wants of all who may favor him with their patronage.